

1885-1879
1873/1874

SONG

To the Tune of, *The Abbot of Canterbury*, &c.

WH A I Child has nor heard of a conquering Tour,
Carried on in a Trench, by full Thousands fourscore?
And how the great Monarch is flown Home again,
In a Triumph to reap the Reward of his Pain?

Derry down.

But He found, when arriv'd on the Frontiers of France,
Instead of a Triumph, a cold Complaisance:
For who could enjoy such an idle Parade,
When *Cape Breton* was lost, and an Emperor made?

Derry down.

This observ'd, He complains to his trusty Bellise,
"Must we ever be plagu'd with you insolent Isle?
"To Monarchy's Height 'tis in vain to aspire,
"While so little a Spark can create such a Fire?"

Derry down.

"Great Sir, says the Marshal, play off the Pretender,
"Tis not in your Arms to make Britain surrender:
"Their Freedom to spirits those obstinate Elves,
"They ne'er can be conquer'd unless by themselves."

Derry down.

Thus alarm'd, He enjoys his Mock-Sovereign at Rome,
To send o'er his Son, if himself durst not come:
"For sure 'tis enough a fond Youth to convince,
"That if you be a King, he of course is a Prince."

Derry down.

"By the Pope let the Stripling in private be blest, Oh!
"And equip'd with a Time-serving smooth Manifesto.
"In Terms howe'er solemn and strong it is made,
"Your Faith will instruct you such Ties to evade."

Derry down.

"And with him such Nobles, as a farther Endearment,
"Wh, for not being hang'd, merit other Preferment:
"Then if they can once get the Cry on their Side,
"Our Armada's shall follow, and help to divide,"

Derry down.

Thus France, with her Vassals, afresh has begun
To annoy what she envies most under the Sun:
For a Kingdom so fair, so diffusive a Trade,
Are Motives enow to make Villains invade.

Derry down.

But these Motives to them, such bare Efforts to try,
Should make Us something better, than meer Standers-by:
Tho' in political Wranglings, at Times, we delight;
Yet against such Oppressors we'll ever unite.

Derry down.

Our Religion, our Government, Freedom, and all,
Together, must stand, and together must fall:
Still happy, if, in their Defence, we succeed;
But, in that Defence, 'tis more glorious to bleed.

Derry down.

For if Papal Tyranny once mount the Throne,
Like a Dream, are the Days of our Happiness gone:
With Slavery curs'd, shall be each future Birth,
And Britain no longer the Joy of the Earth.

Derry down.

The Scotch Fiddle, A NEW SONG.

Sung with great Applause in St. James's,
AIR.—' There's nae luck about the House.

J. Pitts, Printer, and Toy Warehouse, Great
St. Andrew street 7 dia

THERE'S no pleasure in the House,
All the blessed day;
There's no resting in the House,
At night we cannot lay.
And what the d—l ails us all
I'm sure I do not know,
But I'll be hang'd if I again
To Scotland e'er will go.

For its scratch, scratch, rub rub, scratch scratch
away, (blessed day
For the d—l a bit of comfort is there, all the
Each morn against the Bed-posts we
Do rub our backs so sore.
Until d'ye see, we blister'd be,
From head to foot all o'er,
Nor does this do, for minutes two,
We itch again so bad
And then we rub and tear and scrub,
And almost run stark mad.

For its scratch, scratch, &c,
In Scotland to the Bag-pipes we,
Did dance from morn till night.
And kept it up with merry glee,
By Sun and good Moon-light,
But now that we would rest at home,
The cause I can't unriddle.
We still must dance and kick, and prance
Unto this hang'd Scotch Fiddle,
For its scratch, scratch, &c,

There's Lady C—ning-One has got,
This Itch for Dancing too!
If it should turn out catching what,
The D—l shall we do,
she swears she cannot sit upon,
The Sofa half a minute,
But fidgets so upon her seat,—
There must be something in it,
For its scratch, scratch, &c

I'd freely give full half a Crown,
To cure her of this evil,
She is so full of play and fun.
With me she plays the D—l.
Her husband, he poor man can do.
Nought for her in this case
And here's a job of journey-work,
In my poor hands to place
For its scratch, scratch, rub rub, scratch scratch
away. (blessed day

The D—l a bit of comfort is there, all the



Oxford City.

Printed by Wholesale Toy & Marble Warehouse,
6, Great St. Andrew, street, 7, dials.

IT is of a fair maid in Oxford City,
Now the truth to you I tell
She by a servant man was married,
He oft times told her he lov'd her well.

She loved him too, at a distance,
He did not seem to be very fond,
He said my dear I love you slight me,
I know you love another man.

If not my dear who can't we marry,
That at once would end the strife,
I'll work for you both late and early
If you'll be my sweet widd-d wife.

She said my dear we're too young to marry,
Too young to climb the marriage bed,
For when married we are bound for ever,
My dear and all our joys are fled.

He said my dear you're another sweetheart
and in his company you take delight,
But for your fondness you inconstant fair one,
I soon will end your tender life.

It was soon after this lovely creature,
She was invit'd to dance you know,
This jealous young man he followed after,
And there prepar'd for her overthrow.

As she was dancing with another,
His jealousy then fill'd his mind,
And to destroy his own true love,
This wicked young man was inclin'd.

Then some poison he soon prepar'd,
And mix'd it with a glass of wine,
He gave the liquor to his lover,
And she drank it up most cheerfully.

And when drunk it quickly after,
Take me home my dear said she,
The glass of wine you lately gave me,
Makes me very ill said she.

As they were walking home together,
These words to her he then did say,
I gave you poison in your liquor,
To take your tender life away.

And I have drank the same my jewel,
I soon shall die as well as thee,
Then in each others arms they fell,
Young men beware of jealousy.



The Taylor's Courtship,

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great
St. Andrew-street, 7 Dials.

WHEN Harry the Taylor was twenty years old
He began to be game some courageous and bold
He told his mother he was not in jest,
For he would have a wife as well as the best.

In the morning a little before it was day
To the house of a farmer he straight took his way
Where he found the maid Dolly a making of cheese
He began for to kiss her and tickle her knees.

The girl in a rage offended at that
Cried you young rascal what would you be at,
He said dear Dolly I'll make you my wife
For I love you as well as I do my own life.

Tho' I am a Taylor tis very well known
I have the choice of young Nancy Kate Bridget & Joan
I slighted them all for sweet Dolly my dear
And besides I've a house of five stillings a year

O thou pitiful soul thou shalt soon understand
There is never a pilfering thief in this land
shall once have the fortune to lay by my side
Then straight with a churn staff she well lac'd his hide

A bowl full of butter milk on him she threw
He began to be vexed and look wonderful blue
said he dear Dolly what have you done
Down my back thro' my breeches good faith it doth
run.

She push'd him in anger he tumbled he fell,
From the door of the dairy down into the well,
Then Harry cried out with a sorrowful sound,
Help me out Dolly or I shall be drown'd.

Roger hearing a roaring came out in a maze,
and soon help'd him up in a bucket again.
Crying out zounds what brought you here,
It was Dolly threw me in honest friend I declare.

She said dear Roger observe what I say,
He came in the morning before break of day,
and I was at work in the dairy alone.
He made free with that which was none of his own.

Then the Taylor went home like a poor drown'd rat
Telling his disaster and what he'd been at,
Of the butter-milk bowl and the desperate fall,
and if these be love's tidings the deuce take them all.